

LOW TIDE IN THE CHANNEL.

BY AUGUSTUS HAGBORG. ETCHED BY AUGUSTE MASSÉ.

M R. HAGBORG is of Scandinavian origin, having been born at Göteborg in Sweden. He was a student at the Academy of Fine Arts in Stockholm, and afterwards a pupil of Palmaroli. Amongst the numerous modern naturalistic artists who have painted rustic subjects Mr. Hagborg is one of the simplest and most direct in manner, and one of the most truthful. The picture in the Luxembourg that M. Massé has etched for us has for its landscape

subject a bay in the north of France, at low tide, seen under one of those effects of grey cloud and uncertain light which, in nature, are much more fatiguing to the eyes than the steady glare of sunshine. The figures, without being idealised, are well chosen and well placed, and have a healthy, lively appearance, besides a sort of rude beauty, which makes them pleasant representatives of the north-French fishing population.

THE TOMB AND CHANTRY OF THE BLACK PRINCE AT CANTERBURY.

ON the 8th of June, 1376, the eyes of all England were turned with sorrowing attention towards the royal palace of Westminster. For within its stately halls the hero of Crecy and Poitiers, the idol of the whole nation, ‘le très noble Monsieur Prince Edward, Prince de Galles et d’Aquitaine,’ and heir to the throne of England, lay dying.

At length the lingering disease, which had been slowly consuming his vigour during eight weary years, had done its deadly work, and the end had come.

The touching scene has been painted for us in vivid colours by the old chronicler, Chandos Herald, himself the companion of the Prince in his victorious wars and now the witness of his last moments. We see the weeping attendants, unable to keep back their sobs and tears, the aged king—‘Decus Anglorum’—whose long reign was closing in gloom and trouble, watching by the bedside of his first-born son. We see the Prince’s devoted wife, the beautiful Joan of Kent, crushed by the overwhelming burden of her grief, the little Prince Richard, his only son, ‘qui moult est joesnes et petitz;’ and all around the crowd of retainers, counts, barons, knights, and squires, coming and going through the great doors thrown open by the dying hero’s orders, that these faithful servants might hear his farewell words. To them he spoke in a clear, firm voice, giving them each a hundred thousand thanks for their loyal services—

‘Par la foy que je vous doy,
Vous m’avez loialement servi,
Si ne puis-je de droit demy
Rendre à cheseun son guerdon;
Mais Dieux par son saintisme nom
Ens es ciels le vous rendera.’

At this the tears and sobs of all present broke out afresh. There was a hush as the Prince spoke again, commanding the wife and son he loved so

well to their care, and praying them to serve his orphan child as they had served him. Then, turning his thoughts from the world he was leaving, the dying man uttered a last prayer to heaven for pardon, and at three o’clock that afternoon the Black Prince passed away. It was, Chandos reminds us, the high feast of the Blessed Trinity, a day which, from early youth, the Prince had reverenced with peculiar devotion, and which he had never failed to keep holy with melody in the church choir.

Last year Trinity Sunday happened to fall again on the 8th of June, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, preaching in his Cathedral church, reminded his hearers of the warrior-prince, who had died on the same day five hundred years ago, and whose ashes slept in the Chapel of the Holy Trinity.

Many are the memories which cluster round the great church of Canterbury, whether we take our stand on the hill of St. Martin, whence the little band of Roman monks descended bearing the Cross aloft and chanting their Christian song in a strange land, or else look down from Harbledown from the self-same spot where Chaucer’s goodly company of pilgrims, or the more critical travellers of a later age, Erasmus and his friend Dean Colet, first saw the shrine of St. Thomas and the Angel on the topmost tower, bright in the rays of the evening sun.

Many are the splendid pageants which those crumbling yellow walls have witnessed, royal marriages, coronations, funerals, processions of foreign kings and ambassadors who had travelled from far lands

‘The holy blissful martyr for to seeke.’

Not a stone in the fabric but has its tale to tell. The chair in which St. Augustine’s successors are enthroned, the massive piers of Ernulf, still bearing marks of the disastrous fire which Gervase the monk has described in his pathetic language, the Norman

mouldings of Anselm's Tower, and the soaring arches of English William's crypt—they have all their story. We walk through the Transept of Becket's Martyrdom, on the very pavement stained with the blood of the ambitious prelate. Above us in windows glowing with ruby and sapphire hues, we read the pictured legend of the wonders and miracles wrought at the martyr's shrine, and the older story of St. Alphege's murder and the sack of Canterbury by the Danes.

But among all these traditions, among all the historical and legendary memorials which the eloquent pen of

Dean Stanley has revived for us, none is dearer to English hearts than the memory of the Prince, who, loving the church of Canterbury and the shrine of St. Thomas from his cradle, chose it for his last resting-place.

Canterbury is closely associated with three memorable events in the career of the Black Prince, his return from France after his famous victory of Poitiers, his marriage, and his death.

His first visit there, and the only one of which any authentic record exists, was paid in the month of April 1357, when, after landing at Sandwich on the 16th, he stopped at Canterbury on the 19th with his royal captive, King John.

Together, the Black Prince and the French monarch, with his young son, Philip, made their offerings at the chief stations in the Cathedral, the Tomb in the Crypt, the Altars of the Head—Caput Thomæ—in the Corona, of the Sword's point in the Transept of the Martyrdom, and the actual Shrine in Trinity Chapel, which since Becket's days had been enriched by the costly gifts of so many royal pilgrims. Here was the great jewel or Regale of the Crown of France, which, two centuries before, another King of France had offered at the Tomb of St. Thomas; here, too, was the royal crown of Scotland, itself pre-

sented at the shrine by the Black Prince's ancestor, Edward I.

Besides these sacred places there was another spot in the Cathedral which became the especial object of the Black Prince's devotion. This was the Chapel of the Virgin in the Crypt, commonly called Our Lady of the Undercroft, a shrine which had recently attracted many pilgrims and had been endowed with precious gifts by the royal family. Edward I., we find, offered a gold brooch to the Image of the Virgin every year; Edward II. sent a wax candle

to be lighted before the image, and sums of money at different times; and while the Black Prince was still a child Edward III. offered a wax candle, five pounds in weight, at the same altar, and presented other gifts by the hands of his chaplain, who also paid two shillings to 'certain divers minstrels who made minstrelsy before the Image of our Lady in the Vault.'

In 1352, the Black Prince's own mother, the good Queen Philippa, had

been at Canterbury with her younger son Edmund, afterwards Duke of York, and had made offerings at the Virgin's altar; and now the hero knelt himself in this shrine, which in after years he adorned, and where in the will he made on his death-bed he gave orders that his body should be laid.

Tradition points to another place near Canterbury in connexion with this visit of the Black Prince. As he left the town to make his triumphal entry into London, his way lay past Harbledown village, on the crest of the hill under the forest of Blean, the last halting-place of travellers, immortalised by Chaucer in his lines:—

'Wist ye not where standeth a little toun,
Which that yeleped is Bob up and Down
Under the Blee in Canterbury way?'



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Here was an ancient hospital for lepers, built by Lanfranc in 1084, and visited by most royal personages on their return from the pilgrimage to Canterbury. Henry II., Cœur de Lion on his release from captivity, Edward I. and Eleanor of Castille on their return from the Holy Land, had all stopped to give alms at the hospital, and see the crystal of St. Thomas's shoe—a relic which was to rouse the ire of Dean Colet in after ages, and is still shown to visitors at the present time. And here, too, the Black Prince and King John halted to visit Lanfranc's old lazarus-house, and the chapel of St. Nicholas attached to it. The French King did not forget the poor lepers when he visited Canterbury a second time, on his way back to France after his release from captivity, and dropped ten crowns into the hands of 'Les nonains de Harbledown.' At this time, it is said, the Black Prince drank of a spring on the hillside behind the hospital, of great repute for the healing virtues which it was supposed to possess. The story adds that years afterwards, when he lay sick of the wasting illness which ended his life in the prime of manhood, he sent to Harbledown for a draught of its wonder-working waters. Not even their influence could arrest the progress of the fatal illness that was slowly sapping his strength, but this tradition of England's hero has clung to the spot. The spring still bears the name of the Black Prince's Well, and ferns and flowers are planted round the steps leading down to the water.

We pass over a few years—years of sumptuous feastings and tournaments held in honour of Edward's victories, when Windsor was the scene of one revel after another, and the captive Majesties of France and Scotland witnessed the festival of the Round Table of the Knights of the Garter. Once more, in 1360, the Black Prince led another victorious army to the gates of Paris, and after a short winter campaign dictated terms of peace to his vanquished foes:—

‘Au temps que le russinol chante
Oep jours en joli mois de may.’

In the autumn of the following year he married his father's first cousin Joan, Countess of Kent in her own right. This ‘dame de grant pris,’ as Chandos calls her, was the only surviving child of Edward III.'s uncle, the unfortunate Earl of Kent, who had died on the scaffold in the first years of this monarch's reign, a victim to the intrigues of the Queen-mother and her favourite Mortimer. So deep was the popular feeling which this act of injustice aroused, that during a whole day no executioner could be found to carry out the sentence, and heavy penalties were imposed on all who dared to say that the King's uncle had not been guilty of treason.

The child of this innocent nobleman was now the object of the Black Prince's choice. From his earliest years he had been passionately attached to Joan, whose great beauty had won for her the name of the Fair Maid of Kent, and who had obtained a divorce from the Earl of Salisbury, to whom she had been betrothed in her childhood, in order to marry the Prince. As ill-luck would have it, both the King and Queen were strongly opposed to this marriage, which was contrary to the laws of the Church; and, if we are to believe Froissart, Philippa was further prejudiced against Joan on account of her gay and pleasure-loving character. After remaining unmarried for love of her cousin until her twenty-fifth year, the Fair Maid accepted the hand of Sir Thomas Holland, to whom she was married in 1351, and had two sons, whom the Black Prince held at the font as sponsor.

His constancy to the lady of his love had never wavered. Other marriages were proposed to him in vain; and when in 1361 the death of Sir Thomas Holland left Joan a widow, he lost no time in renewing his suit. ‘Inspired rather by the grace of God than by the persuasion of man,’ as he has himself recorded, he chose her among all other women for his bride. This time the royal consent was at length given, and the wedding was celebrated with great pomp in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, on the 10th of October, 1361.

In order to remove the impediments of kinship, of the earlier contract of Joan's infancy, and of the Prince's relationship to her children, a dispensation was obtained from the Pope, who issued a bull legalising the marriage, on condition that Edward should found two chantries in Canterbury Cathedral. The injunction was gladly obeyed, and the cathedral treasury still contains the original charter by which he endowed two chantries in the crypt, in thankfulness for the Papal permission and in commemoration of his joyous nuptials. From this document, which received confirmation from the Prior and Chapter on the 3rd of August, 1363, we learn that two altars were to be placed in the south-east transept of the Undercroft, the principal one dedicated to the Blessed Trinity—‘quam peculiaris devocione semper colimus’—the other to the Virgin Mary. The same deed provides for two priests, who were to say mass daily at these altars and pray perpetually for the health and prosperity of the newly-wedded pair on earth and their eternal beatitude hereafter. These chantries were endowed with the Prince's manor of Vauxhall, in Surrey, and a residence was allotted to the priests in the neighbourhood of the Precincts, on a plot of ground which still retains the name of the Black Prince's chantry.

In accordance with these directions, we find that in 1363 this portion of the crypt, immediately under

the south-east transept of the choir, was entirely altered. The massive pillars of the Norman age gave place to graceful, pointed arches and slender shafts of polished marble; windows of elegant tracery were inserted in the chapel walls and ogeed niches over the piscinas of the newly-consecrated altars; while the lierne vaulting of the roof was adorned with richly carved and gilded bosses. The chief altar, dedicated by the Prince's command to the Holy Trinity, was placed in the northern apse, and on the vaulting of the roof above we recognise several allusions to Edward's personal history.

There his victory of Poitiers and his marriage are alike commemorated. The central boss bears the Black Prince's coat-of-arms, the lilies of France quartered with the lions of England and the Three Feathers. The large one over the altar represents Samson with his long hair and the jawbone of the ass under his arm. Under the figure of the man who slew a thousand Philistines 'heaps upon heaps with the jaw of an ass,' the slaughter of that famous battlefield, where the lane was choked with the dead bodies of the French, is illustrated. In the oak and vine leaves carved on the other bosses we may see another allusion to the vineyards and woods behind which the English archers took their stand and rained their deadly arrows on the French, while in two other bosses a lion trampling on a griffin is an evident emblem of the day which proved so fatal to the arms of France. And there, too, on a boss in the centre of the western bay, we see the face of the Prince's beautiful wife, the Fair Maid, who had inspired him with so deep and so enduring an affection. 'Bele, plesante et sage,' as the poet describes her, she appears to us here, the fair brow and regular features framed in by the square outline of her jewelled fillet.

In the southern half of the chantry, where the Virgin's altar stood, we see the arms of King Edward III. on one of the bosses, a pelican feeding her young on another, besides several examples of admirably carved foliage and varied devices.

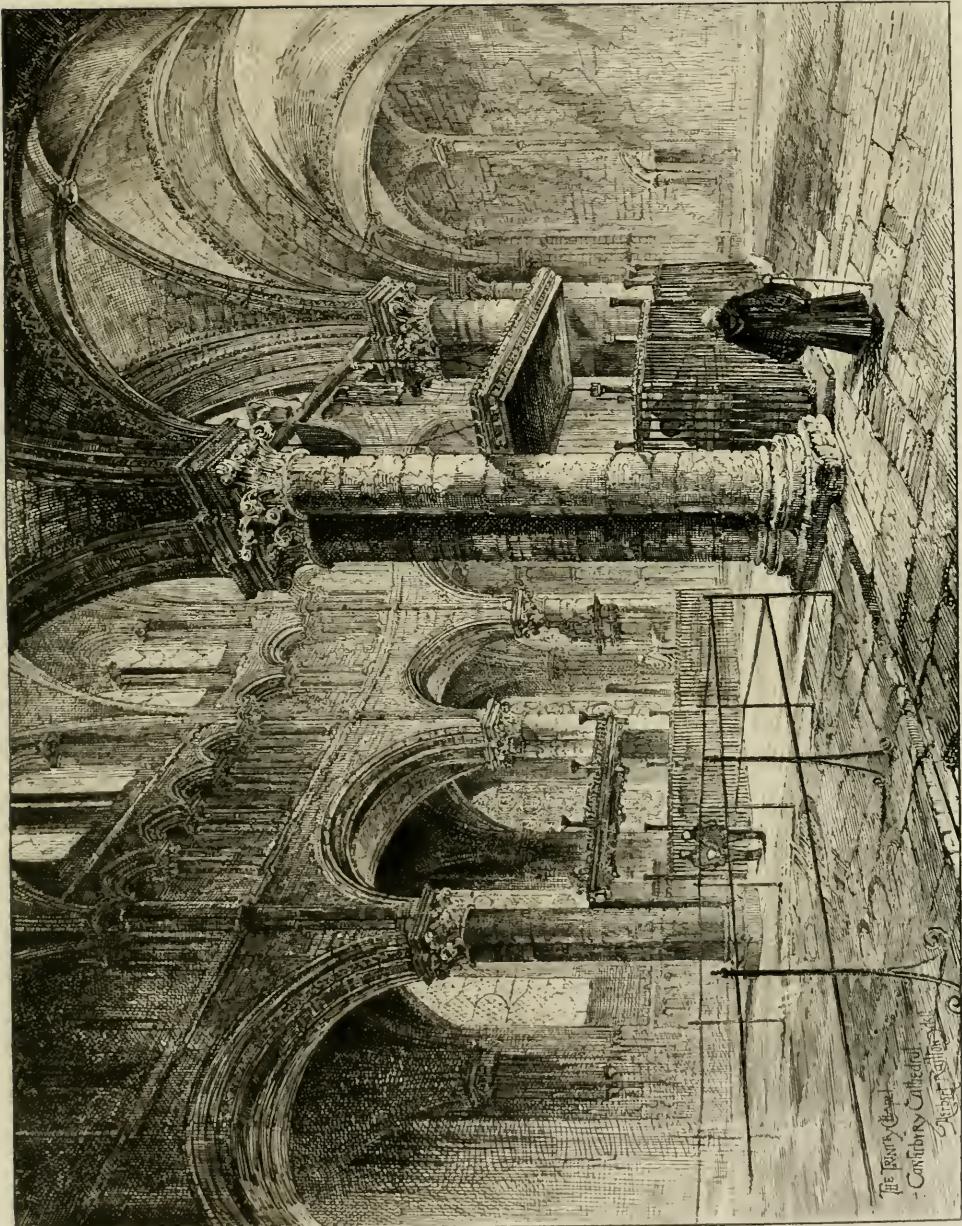
The generous zeal of the Black Prince did not end here. At the same time that he founded the chantries which celebrate this romantic episode in his eventful life, the neighbouring Chapel of Our Lady in the Undercroft was decorated with stone-screens and a reredos exquisitely carved and richly ornamented with gilding and painting. No record remains of the erection of these works, but since they are clearly of the same date as the chantry, and since the Black Prince's armorial bearings are emblazoned on a pillar close to the east wall, there can be little doubt that Canon Scott Robertson is right in his conjecture that they were executed at the same Prince's expense. On his death-bed we know that Edward showed a marked interest in

the Virgin's Chapel. In his will, dated the day before he died, he bequeaths to the altar of Our Lady in the Undercroft a white vestment diapered with a vine-pattern in blue silk, a tabernacle and frontal adorned with a golden picture of the Assumption, a chalice enamelled with the arms of Aquitaine, two large silver candelabra, two cruets in the shape of angels, and his own missal and book of Hours. More than this he chose this spot for his last resting-place, and commanded that his body should be buried in the centre of the little chapel, ten feet from the altar, a grave which great benefactors or founders alone had the right to claim. For some reason unknown to us, his last wishes in this respect were not obeyed, but the fact that his son Richard II. repeatedly offered rich gifts and jewels at this shrine makes it the more probable that it is to the Black Prince the Chapel of the Virgin owes its chief decoration.

This was the shrine glittering with gems which dazzled the eyes of Erasmus in the darkness of the crypt, and made him cry out with wonder at the display of more than royal splendour which he saw within the iron railings that protected its riches. The sight, we may well believe, was not one to be forgotten when hundreds of lights twinkling in the darkest corners threw their lustre over golden frontal and jewelled tabernacle, and illumined with their rays both the intricate tracery and delicate mouldings of the screen and the glowing colours of the reredos, where, under a stately canopy with richly-crocheted pinnacles, the silver statue of the Virgin reigned supreme in her central niche above the altar.

The treasures which Erasmus saw have vanished long ago, the nine statues of the Virgin's altar are gone, and scarcely a trace of colour or gilding now remains to be seen on the vaulted roof and skilfully wrought reredos. Those ogeed arches and cusped hoods, the slender shafts which supported them, the crockets and pinnacles which enriched them, have been terribly shattered and ruined, but even in its present mutilated condition, enough of the stonework remains to show us the grace and beauty of the original design.

The chantries are in a better state of preservation, although sadly disfigured by the coat of thick whitewash which covers pillars and vaulting and bosses alike. Strange to say, the minute instructions which the Black Prince left as to the services to be said daily at these altars, soon ceased to be observed. Already, in 1376, the year of his death, we find that only one priest was appointed to serve both altars, contrary to his express directions, and in the time of Henry VIII. this office was suppressed. Where of old his two altars stood, and priests were to pray for him and his wife perpetually, to-day we see a bare and deserted space and whitewashed walls, while a wooden



The EXETER
Cathedral
ENGLAND

partition encloses the southern apse, which serves as vestry to the French Protestants, who, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, have held their services in the cathedral crypt.

The same year which saw this dark alley of the crypt transformed into a fair chapel worthy of the joyful event it was destined to commemorate, witnessed the departure of the Black Prince for his new principality of Aquitaine, with which his father had invested him. He took with him his bride, unwilling to part from her again:—

‘Pur ce que durement l’ama.’

Whatever may be the truth of Froissart’s gossiping tales as to Joan’s conduct before her marriage, no one has ever ventured to cast a doubt on the truth of her love for the noble husband to whom she was at length united. Chandos Herald, who never speaks of the Princess but in terms of the highest respect, and tells us again and again how wise and good and fair she was, draws a touching picture of the parting scene between her and the Prince, when he started on his perilous expedition to Spain. Filled with gloomy forebodings, she cried:—

‘Las! quei feroie,
Dieux et Amours, si je perdoie
La droite fleur de gentilesse,
La fleur de très noble hautesse,
Celi qui en monde n’ad pier
De vaillance, à voir recorder?—
Mors, tu me seroies prochaine.’

The Prince, Chandos goes on to say, comforted his wife, kindly bidding her dry her tears and be of good cheer, since his heart told him they would meet again with joy. ‘Dame, encor nous nous reverrons;’ but still her grief and complaints were very bitter.

Again, when he returned from that unhappy war, we find the Princess of Wales hastening to meet him with her young son Edward.

‘Right sweetly did they embrace when they met together, and they held each other by the hand as they walked to their house.’

Together, then, the Black Prince and his wife set out for Aquitaine, and here, in the sunny South, they reigned seven years—

‘En joie, en paix, et en solas.’

‘There,’ says Chandos, speaking of the jousts and revels of their brilliant court at Bordeaux, ‘was found all nobleness, all joy and merriment, bounty, freedom, and honour. And all the Prince’s lieges and his people loved him passionately, for he did them much good. They looked upon him with one feeling as a good lord, loyal and wise; and I may truly say, that since the birth of Christ never was such good entertainment nor more honourable than then, for every day at his table he had more than eighty knights and four times as many esquires.’

But all too soon these bright hours fled, and darker days followed. First came the Spanish expedition, with all its disastrous consequences: ruined health for the Prince, and heavy burdens for subjects. Then one blow after another fell in rapid succession: the death of his eldest son, a promising boy, who bade fair to tread in his father’s steps; discontent and insurrection among his subjects; reverses abroad and sorrows at home. Last of all, the sad return to England, and the long years of slow and wasting sickness.

Still the strong spirit wrestled with death. Once again, after four years spent in retreat, he left his castle of Berkhamstead and came to the Palace of Westminster, that he might be carried into the chambers where Parliament met to defend the rights of the people and resist the evil influence of the favourites, who wasted the revenues and had gained possession of the King’s ear in his old age.

But now the end was near. Then, as he lay dying in his father’s palace, his thoughts turned once more to Canterbury. He remembered his triumphant return from France in the pride of youth and conquest, the happy days which followed his nuptials. There, in that hallowed sanctuary, he would sleep safely in the care of the Holy Trinity and the shadow of St. Thomas’ shrine, where his own fair chantry bore record to his deeds of prowess in war and love, and where priests would sing daily for the repose of his soul.

And so on the 7th of June he gathered up his failing strength for one last effort, and with powers of mind not yet enfeebled by the approach of death, ‘étant en bon et sain mémoire,’ and conscious, he adds touchingly, of the shortness of this mortal life, —‘de la briève durée de humaine fréletée,—he made a will, giving minute instructions as to the disposal of his property, the exact spot in the Undercroft where his body was to be laid, and the ceremonial to be observed at his funeral. Nothing is forgotten, the very words of the epitaph to be inscribed upon his tomb are given, and the black, red-bordered tapestries adorned with ostrich-feathers and swans with ladies’ heads, which are to be hung around.

Among a long string of bequests to the Virgin’s shrine in the Undercroft, the chapel of his castle at Wallingford, and other sanctuaries, we find mention of a great silver cross, a gold-embroidered, green velvet vestment, a golden chalice, two gold basins and cruetts, and an image of the Trinity, which are left to the high altar of Canterbury Cathedral—called, in this document, as in many contemporary records, the Cathedral Church of the Trinity.

Besides John of Gaunt, several bishops were appointed executors of this will, foremost among them William of Wykeham, the great Bishop of Winchester, during many years a faithful friend to

the Black Prince, and who had stood by him manfully in his bold attempt to resist the wasteful expenditure of the King's worthless favourites. On the next day after the will had been drawn up, the Black Prince 'passed out of this age,' amid the lamentations of the whole empire.

'With him,' says a contemporary writer, 'died all the hopes of Englishmen, who, during his life, had feared no invasion of the enemy nor encounter in a battle, inasmuch as he went against no army that he did not conquer, and attacked no city that he did not take.'

Far and wide the mourning spread, as the writers of the day love to record; even in France prayers

armour with his favourite badge of the three ostrich-feathers which he wore at tournaments.

These two horsemen, whose presence had been commanded by the Prince in his will, one 'pur la guerre,' the other 'pur la paix,' rode before the hearse, followed by four black banners with ostrich-feathers. Thus escorted, the funeral train moved on through the High Street, across the winding Stour, past many an ancient hospital for the shelter of sick and weary travellers, under the broad eaves of the 'Chequers of the Hope,' where Chaucer's pilgrims lodged, and between the covered arcades and booths, which in those days lined Mercery Lane.

Here, at the old Norman gate of Christ Church,



were offered in the Chapel of St. Louis for the repose of the hero's soul.

During more than three months the body lay in state at Westminster, until Parliament met at Michaelmas, when it was borne on a hearse drawn by twelve black horses, and followed by the whole Court and both Houses of Parliament to Canterbury. Along the Pilgrims' Way, and the road trodden by Chaucer's story-telling cavalcade, the great procession moved, up and down many a steep hill and through dense forests, past Lanfranc's lazarus-house at Marbledown and the well which bears the Black Prince's name, until the West Gate of Canterbury was reached. Here, at the old City gateway, then crowned by a chapel and a tall cross, they were met by two armed riders, one in an embroidered surcoat bearing the arms of France and England in which the Prince had been wont to ride to battle, the other in the black

which has since then given place to Prior Goldstone's majestic structure, the procession stopped, and the mourners followed the body into the Cathedral, where it was laid on a bier erected between the high altar and the choir, while the funeral rites were celebrated.

So the greatest of the Plantagenets was borne to his rest:—

‘To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carried the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkened hamlet and hall.’

On one point alone his dying wishes seem to have been set aside. He had, as we have already seen, wished to sleep in the Lady Chapel of the Undercroft, and had given exact directions as to the position of his tomb before the altar, charging both his executors, the Prior and Chapter, to fulfil his last

commands in this respect as they must answer to God in the Day of Judgment. But this the feeling of the nation would not allow. Their hero and cherished idol, who had been mourned as never prince before or since, should not be hidden away for ever in the dark crypt, where the light of tapers or lanterns was needed in order to see his tomb. And so, either at this time or else, as appears more probable, a few years later, when the tomb was completed the body of the Black Prince was laid in a more fitting place, high aloft in the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, close to the shrine of Becket.

In that most sacred spot, at the top of the stone steps, hollowed by the knees of every pilgrim who sought the wonder-working shrine, a tomb of grey Sussex marble, 'de bone masoneric,' as he had decreed, was raised above his grave.

The sides were adorned with twelve richly enamelled escutcheons, bearing alternately the arms of France and England and the Three Feathers, inscribed separately with the mottoes, '*Houmunt*' and '*Ich dicne*', which he had used for his seal, and which, Dean Stanley observed, well express that high courage and ready service which he had often shown.

On the top of the stone was a brass slab upon which the Prince's effigy, gilded over from head to foot, was placed, under a wooden canopy, bearing a quaint figure of the Holy Trinity, on a blue ground powdered with gold stars and studded with roses and other devices. The Father throned on a rainbow appears holding a crucifix fixed on the globe, a representation almost exactly similar to that preserved on a metal badge in the British Museum, where the Black Prince is seen kneeling before the Trinity.

In the pillars on either side we may still see the hooks formerly used to fasten the black ostrich-feather tapestry, ordered by the Prince to be hung round his tomb, the high altar and Becket's shrine, while on the iron rod supporting the canopy are some precious fragments of the two complete accoutrements, 'pour la guerre, et pour la paix,' worn by the riders who met the corpse at the gate, and afterwards suspended above the warrior-Prince's last resting-place.

Here, tattered and faded now, is the crimson velvet surcoat, embroidered in blue and gold with fleur-de-lis and lions; here, too, are the wooden shield bearing the same coat-of-arms, the pointed iron helmet, ermine-trimmed cap, brass gauntlets with small leopards on the knuckles, which the Prince wore on the field of battle. The sword is gone, taken away, it is said, by Oliver Cromwell, and only the red leather scabbard and a portion of the cloth belt and buckle remain.

And here, under these relics of his victories, the Black Prince lies, his hands clasped in prayer, his eyes raised to that Blessed Trinity which he had

adored all his life long. Clad in complete armour from head to foot, he sleeps—the very model of a *prieur chevalier*, without fear and without reproach. On his breast the golden lilies are mingled with the lions of England, his sword is by his side, his knightly spurs on his feet, his head resting on his helmet with the leopard's crest—'the casque which never stooped except to time.'

The noble features are of the true Plantagenet type, and the touch of softness and gentleness about the lips explains the strange fascination which in-



A NARROW STREET
CANTERBURY

spired men like the Captal de Buch and Chandos, with such enthusiastic devotion to his person. Truly, 'A young and princely gentleman!'

At the base of the monument is a French inscription, giving all his titles in full:—

'Ci-gist le noble Prince Monsieur Edward, aisnez fils du très noble Roy, Edward Tiers, Prince d'Aquitaine et de Gales, Duc de Cornouaille, Comte de Cestre, qui mourut en la feste de la Trinité questoit le viii. jour de Juin, l'an de grâce 1376. L'alme do qui Dieu ait mercy. Amen.'

Then follow the verses, also in Norman French, which he had left in his will to be placed on his tomb, 'written as clearly as possible that all may read them.' For long this epitaph was supposed to be the Black Prince's own composition, but since it was also inscribed on the tomb of Warrene, Earl of Surrey, in the Priory of Lewes, early in the fourteenth century, it was evidently already well known. Telling

as these verses do of the transitory nature of human greatness, of the decay of human youth and beauty, and the one hope of frail mortality, they are none the less singularly appropriate in the lips of one who, endowed with every gift that nature and fortune could bestow, died in the flower of his age of a cruel and lingering malady,

‘De la mort ne pensai je mye.’

Victor of Crécy and Poitiers, little it was he had recked of death:—

‘En terre avoi grand Richesse,
Dont j'y fis grand Noblesse
Terre, Mesons, grand Trésor,
Draps, Chivaux, Argent et Or.’

Now all is changed. Riches and honours, might and beauty, all are gone—fled like a dream. Poor and wretched, stripped of all his glory, a captive in a narrow house, this once mighty prince lies crumbling into dust. Therefore let the stranger, passing by with silent lips, of his pity pray Heaven to have mercy on his soul:—

‘Pur Dieu, priez au Celestien Roy
Le mercy ait de lâme de moy.’

And on all good souls who pray thus, may God have mercy and place them in his Paradise:—

‘Où nul ne poet estre chetifs.’

The last line is full of pathetic significance when we remember the weary years of wasting sickness which had consumed that heroic life.

Since those days the Cathedral of Canterbury has seen many changes. The gorgeous shrine of St. Thomas, the goal of so many pilgrimages, the wonder of all Christendom, has been levelled to the ground, not a trace of it remains on the pavement where it stood. But the devouring hand of Time, and the more cruel violence of man, have spared the Black Prince’s tomb. Kept safe from hurt and wrong, his ashes sleep in Trinity Chapel, guarded and cherished by his people’s love. For in the words of the faithful servant, who followed him from his battles to his death-bed:—

‘Search the whole world as it turns round, you will find no such Prince. For so high was his courage that he reigned everywhere in power, so that men ought never to forget him either in deed or in word.’

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

ALBERT DÜRER’S CHRISTMAS DAY.

THIS delightful little plate was engraved by Dürer in 1504, two years before his journey to Venice, so that it belongs to the same period of his activity as the marvellous *Adam and Eve*. It was called *Christmas Day* by its author—a much better title than the more hackneyed *Nativity*. In feeling it is, perhaps, more like his series of woodcuts from

the life of the Virgin than any other of his works. There is a first-rate impression in the Print-room of the British Museum; the margin is, of course, cut away, no doubt by some collector of the last century, but otherwise it is perfect. Impressions from plates of this size Dürer called ‘half-sheets,’ and sold at the rate of twenty for a florin, or about a penny each!

WINDSOR.

III.

A Tournament—Birth of Edward III.—Renovation of the Castle—The Round Tower and the Round Table—Royal Prisoners—The Founders of the Order of the Garter—The Death of Philippa—Richard II. at Windsor—His Farewell to Queen Isabel—Plot at Windsor against Henry IV.—James of Scotland—The Heart of St. George—Birth of Henry VI.—Edward IV.—His Body Examined—Visit of the King of Castile—Henry VIII.—The Earl of Surrey—Burial-place of Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour.

THE glories of the reign of Edward III. are connected more intimately with Windsor Castle than with any other place. Edward I., although his beautiful queen, Eleanor, seems to have resided much in the Castle, only visited it occasionally, and never kept a Christmas here. His two eldest sons were born at Windsor while Henry III. was still living, and they and their brother, Alphonso, all seem to have died here. Prince Alphonso had reached the mature age of ten, and a marriage with a Spanish princess had been arranged for him. A psalter il-

luminated with his arms and those of his intended bride is in the British Museum, and is interesting as giving us some early examples of heraldic bearings. In the Record Office there is a roll describing the purchases made in preparation for a tournament at Windsor in July, 1278, when the boy was only five; and among the payments is one of fifteen shillings for his shield, and another of forty pounds for his dress of coloured cloth, which may mean something of the nature of a tabard.

This tournament is described as taking place in